

**THE ROSE OF ALLANDALE.**  
A  
" FAVORITE BALLAD "  
Written by  
**CHARLES JEFFERYS**  
Composed with  
**SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS**  
by  
**SAMUEL NELSON**

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**VOCE**

*Amoroso*

*p* *cres*

The morn was fair, the skies were clear, No

breath came o'er the sea, When Mary left her highland cot, And wander'd forth with

me, Tho' flowers deck'd the mountain's side And fragrance fill'd the vale, By

far the sweetest flower there, Was the Rose of Al . landale, Was the Rose of Al . lan .  
col voce

dale, the Rose of Al . lan . dale, By far the sweetest flower there, Was the

Rose of Allandale.

2

Where'er I wander'd east or west,  
Though fate began to lour,  
A solace still was she to me,  
In sorrow's lonely hour;  
When tempests lash'd our gallant Bark,  
And rent her shiv'ring sail;  
One Maiden form withstood the storm,  
'Twas the Rose of Allandale.

3

And when my fever'd lips were parch'd,  
On Afric's burning sand;  
She whisper'd hopes of happiness,  
And tales of distant land;  
My life had been a wilderness,  
Unblest by fortunes gale;  
Had fate not link'd my lot to hers,  
The Rose of Allandale.